

cut hands

Deftones

I can tell you it's an answer, it's what you're after from me
I keep you floating out in dead space, you're coming unchained
from it

Let me fill you with an update, fuck you, I'm okay, now what?
You imploding is the outcome, your running systems failed

Your eyelids getting heavy, not pulling me out of my grace
You feel no longer steady, but not wanting to give up
You're running out of pennies, not pulling me off my plane

I can tell you the attention of which you fish isn't coming
I see you clamor at a dead vine, there's no one online, sorry
You might need another update, fuck you still, okay, now what?
It appears you hit a crossroad as your whole outcome fails

Eyelids getting heavy, not pulling me out of my grace
You feel no longer steady, but not wanting to give up
You're running out of pennies, no pulling me off my plane

Won't get me out of my grace
Won't get me out of my grace
Hack me up, hack me up, hack me up
Hack me up, hack me up, hack me up
Hack me up, hack me up, hack me up
Hack me up, hack me up

Eyelids getting heavy, not pulling me out of my grace
You feel no longer steady, but not wanting to give up
You're running out of pennies, no pulling me off my plane